

THE ARIZONA CHAMPION.

VOL. 1.

FLAGSTAFF, YAVAPAI COUNTY, A. T., SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1884.

NO. 41.

SAINT & CLELAND,

Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and dealers in Fresh Vegetables, Oysters, Fish and Poultry.

We carry the only complete stock of Crockery and Bar Fixtures in New Mexico. Send us your orders.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

WEEKLY CHAMPION.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

A. E. FAY Proprietor.

TERMS:
One Year \$5.00
Six Months \$3.00
Advertising terms made known on application at the office or by mail.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

G. M. MASON, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, WILLIAMS, ARIZONA.

WM. L. VAN HORN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

DR. M. S. JONES.
DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT treated exclusively. Office—Lafayette Block, opposite Temple Block, Los Angeles, California. Office Hours—9 a. m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p. m.

DR. D. J. BRANNEN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA. Will respond promptly to all calls from any point on the Atlantic & Pacific railroad. Office and drugstore—opp. the depot.

DR. M. S. JONES,
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR, NOSE AND THROAT treated exclusively. Office—Lafayette Block, opposite Temple Block, Los Angeles, California. Office Hours—9 a. m. to 12 m.; 2 to 5 p. m.

DR. R. G. CUNNINGHAM,
DENTIST, 129 NORTH MAIN STREET, LOS ANGELES, California.

STEARNS & DOUGLAS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M. Office—No. 100 North Main Street, Albuquerque, N. M.

STONE & STONE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Judge Wm. B. Sloan. James J. Hodges.
SLOAN & HEDGES,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, Grant Block, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

McCOMAS & CATRON & THORNTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M. Office—No. 100 North Main Street, Albuquerque, N. M.

JAS. T. SAUNDERS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Office—No. 5, Crowell Block, Albuquerque, N. M.

DR. JOHN F. PEARCE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE—Over City Drug Store, cor. Third and Railroad Avenue, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

G. S. EASTERDAY, M. D.,
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, OFFICE—Over City Drug Store. Consultation by letter will receive prompt attention.

DR. C. M. KIMBALL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE—Over Phoenix Drug Store, Harrison Building, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED

PRICE LIST

—OF—

Dry Goods,

Fancy Goods, Notions,

—AND—

Gents' and Boys'

FURNISHING GOODS.

Sent Free on Application to

J. M. HALE & CO.,

7 and 9 Spring Street,

LOS ANGELES.

—O—

NOTE.

We make a special business of COUNTRY ORDERS, having a portion of our store set apart for that special purpose, and experienced men at the head of this department insure satisfaction to the distant patrons of our house.

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Pretty and pale and Fred. She sits in her stiff-backed chair, While the blazing summer sun Shines in on her soft brown hair, And the little brook without, That she hears through the open door, Mocks with its murmur cool And hush and dusty floor.

It seems an endless round— Grammar and A. B. C; The blackboard and the sun; The stupid geography; When from teacher to little Jim Not one of them cares a straw, Whether "John" is in any "case," Or Kansas in Omaha.

For Jimmy's bare brown feet Are aching to wade in the stream, Where the trout is his living bait. Shall leap with a quick, bright gleam; And his teacher's blue eyes stray To the flowers on the deck hard by, Till her thoughts have followed her eyes With a half-unconscious sigh—

Her heart outruns the clock, As she smells their faint sweet scent; But when time and heart Their time in union blend, For time will have or lag, Like your shadow on the grass, That lingers far behind, Or flies when you faint would pass.

Have patience, restless Jim, The stream and fish will wait; And patience, tired blue eyes, Down the winding road by the gate, Under the willow shade, Stands some one with fresher flowers; So turn to your books again, And keep love for the after hours.

NOT TO-DAY.

Not to-day the golden fruit of the hopes that beckons on, For the joy of attained ambition Flashed not from the eyes of dawn.

Not to-day the vessel riding In the port of Happy Isles, Where the picture is ever adding, And the illusion no more beguiles.

Not to-day the bloom of the lotus To gladden sunset eyes, And a glory like that of Canopus On the evening's tropic skies.

All of those for evasive to-morrow, But to-day desire's unrest, The toil of endeavor and sorrow For the slow, uncertain quest.

QUARRELING ALONE.

"Edith," said Fred Keane to his beautiful twelve-months' wife, "to-morrow will be the anniversary of our wedding day; and I, for one, am willing to let bygones be bygones, and turn over a new leaf to to-morrow morning."

"Oh, indeed?" said his wife, a roguish twinkle in her lovely eyes. "Yes," continued Fred, "I want to see if we can't do better this coming year than we have the past. Here we are with such a beautiful home, plenty to eat, drink and wear, surrounded by luxuries, in fact, or what would be such to most. What is then to hinder our living like two doves in one nest?"

And Fred paused, quite overcome by the emotion his own eloquence had roused. "Sure enough!" Edith exclaimed gravely.

"If you know, darling," her husband proceeded, the inspiration still on him, "how painful this perpetual bickering is to me—Why, sooner than go through with another year like the last, I'd—"

"Well, what?" she questioned, her pretty face dreadfully elongated. "Commit suicide?" I hope you won't do that, Fred. I rather you would die any other way."

"Who said anything about dying?" Fred asked, sharply. "Perhaps I would get a divorce."

"That would be much more sensible," said his wife, with emphasis. "I could marry Lance Doolittle at once in that case. I should not need to wait at all for decency's sake, as I should if you killed yourself, and I could be married in something besides white, as it would be the second time. I always did hate white."

"Edith!" almost screamed her husband. "What under heaven are you talking about! Positively, you are the most cold-blooded, frivolous creature I ever saw in my life!"

"Well, Fred, I'll stop if you will."

"All this nonsense about turning over a new leaf. You know as well as I do that when you talk that way you mean me, and only me. Honestly, now, is not that exactly the amount of it?"

"No."

But the very positiveness and irritation with which he asserted the contrary, he showed that she had very nearly hit the nail on the head.

"Very well," she said, cheerfully, "we won't quarrel about that. How do you propose to stop this business?"

"Why, by stopping—right—short—by—hy—"

"Well, for instance?" suggested Edith.

"Well, for instance," began Fred, brightly, "you mustn't contradict me!"

"Yes," Glad to know what is expected of me?" said his wife.

"And when I suggest, mildly, that you don't need to be all day doing your hair, you mustn't get mad about it."

"Well?"

But you must remember that I am naturally a great deal more nervous and excitable than you are. And yet, I hold in—well, lots of times! I think you know, if you did the same, we should be all right."

Edith smiled rather queerly. "Do you think I never hold in?" she asked.

"Well, hardly ever!" he said shaking his head wisely.

"And that if I did, there would be no more trouble—that you would then have no difficulty in conquering your extra nervousness and excitability?"

"I am sure of it!" cried Fred, with enthusiasm. "A fellow can't quarrel alone, can he? You just try it now and see. Is it a bargain?"

"It is a bargain," said his wife, but with an ominous tightening of her pretty lips, which fortunately Fred did not notice, in his delicious anticipations of to-morrow's well-doing.

The following morning, Edith began operations as soon as it was light enough to see, by gently shaking her snoring lord at intervals, without speaking, for about an hour, till after many and sundry obstructions, he descended to wake up.

"What's the matter now?" he demanded, staring at her idiotically.

Edith was pointing to her mouth, shaking her head and making motions with her hand, like a person writing.

"Why don't you talk?" he asked irritably.

Another shake of the head, and more motions.

"Have you got something the matter with your tongue, or is it your throat or what?"

"Principally what," thought Edith, with an inward laugh, as she nodded her head violently, and shook it, and finally motioned frantically with her hand again.

"Well, this beats me!" said Fred, as he went at last and got a pencil and some paper, which his wife seized eagerly.

"I can't speak," she wrote. "It is nothing alarming. I have been so before. (So I have in my sleep," she thought. "A mere nervous affection that will soon pass off. Such a pity it should take me this morning of all others; just when we were going to try your dear, sweet experiment, too."

Fred eyed her sharply. Not that he was at all suspicious, but he didn't like this sort of thing being sprung on a fellow unexpectedly, and putting him out of humor in spite of himself, the first thing in the morning.

"Of course, I can't quarrel alone," he said, crossly.

"Well, if you can't, I don't know who can," thought Edith, suppressing a laugh and trying to look properly penitent for having lost her tongue.

Fred, after a gloomy and thoughtful silence, proceeded to make his toilet, and wonder if there ever was a man who had so many things to bother him.

It certainly was aggravating when he could not find his collar, and in his "gentle way," asked his "what she had done with them now?" to receive no reply, and an instant after discover the box on the bureau where he had himself just put it.

Then, when being ready two minutes first, he forgot again, and asked Edith mildly (?) how much longer she was going to fuss there, to have her turn from the glass, with a lovely, sunshiny face, and look altogether so sweet and kissable as to make him ashamed of his ill-humor, and consequently crosser than he was before.

They went down to breakfast.

The room was bright with warmth and sunshine; the table fairly beamed with china, silver and damask and good things.

Everything was done to a turn, too—coffee, hot cakes, steak. There was really nothing to lose his temper about, so who was the use of keeping it? Or, perhaps, like Rip Van Winkle, he thought each time, "This don't count."

"It is mighty queer," he said in an aggrieved tone, "that you never told me before we were married about this odd nervous affection of yours."

Edith looked up and smiled assentingly.

"Well," aggressively, "why didn't you?"

She shook her head, still smiling. "Oh, bother!" said he. "One might as well have an image for a wife!"

Another smile.

"Oh, see here how!" cried poor Fred, in despair. "Don't, for heaven's sake, do that again. It makes you look for all the world like a Chinese mandarin, and me feel as if I wanted to go and hang myself. See here! How would you like to see me going through this performance perpetually?"

And he bobbed his head and shook it alternately, till Edith fell into such convulsions of laughter as she could no longer control.

"Oh, you'd like it, of course! Anything that don't suit me would please you naturally!" he cried, in a rage.

"Well, when you leave it off, I'll take it up. It's catching anyway, I believe. If I stay here much longer, I shall be doing it all the time, too, in spite of myself."

With that he made a frantic grab for his hat and overcoat, and tore out of the house, slamming the door after him till everything bounced.

He stayed away all day. The very thought of returning was terrible to him. But finally, as the shades of night began to fall, and the dinner hour drew near, he slowly and reluctantly wended his way homeward.

As he drew near, the drawing-room was alight; a soft tinkle of the piano, like rippling waters, reached his ear; and the next moment—oh, heavenly sound! Edith's pure, flute-like voice cleft the air in song, like a bird set free.

With a whoop of delight, Fred flew up the steps.

Bursting in, he caught his wife off the piano-stool and went dancing round the room like a wild Indian.

Then, kissing her about seventy times he let her go.

"I say, Edith," he broke forth, later, after a remarkably dove-like evening, "it's just jolly to have you all right again! I hope you won't get another nervous attack very soon. What do you suppose causes them?"

"I think," said his wife, demurely, "that this one must have been brought on by my intense desire to discover whether you could quarrel alone."

"You don't mean to say—" began Fred, reddening.

And then, like the sensible fellow he was at the bottom, giving it up.

The new leaf was turned after all, and if ever there is a tendency to backslide, Edith has only to say:

"My dear, if you only knew how this perpetual bickering, etc."

Or, if that don't answer, she trots out the "mandarin" again, and that "fletcher" him sure.

DOMESTIC CURIOSITIES.

1. A woman, intelligent and amiable, who steadily looks on the bright side, ever ready, by kind words and acts of accommodation, to make all happy around her, laboring more for the general good than for her own sake, who will not be blest with good neighbors—those who will love to reciprocate her kindness.

2. A tattler, one who delights in hearing the news and in making mischief in general, who is as imaginative as deficient in principle, who will not find ample employment in a superstitious and ignorant community, and who will not be able to do a great deal of mischief—a curse to any community.

3. A man who is intelligent, honest, conscientious and outspoken, governed more by his conscience than by his animal impulses, whose gratifications are those connected with the mind and soul rather than those enjoyed by the brutes, who believes that drunkenness is the prime cause of most of the crimes and poverty of the nation, and dares to say so, who is equally opposed to the use of tobacco and opium, who will not have desirable enemies, or those whom he would sooner have as enemies than as intimate associates.

4. One who has strange desires to do good in the world, to educate the ignorant, aid the poor, comfort the disheartened, reclaim the wandering, encouraging them in the paths of rectitude, who will not find an abundance of labor and secure a good measure of happiness in the performance of such acts of practical Christianity.

5. A really wise man, ever adding to his stock of knowledge, who is not painfully aware of the little yet attained, seeing a great deal not yet reached.

6. A fool, a stupid fellow, who has learned enough to fathom his folly and stupidity.

7. A kind-hearted man or woman, one who loves to scatter light, love and happiness all around, giving generously in a judicious way from principle and for the sake of doing good, who will not enjoy life and have increased desires and the ability for doing good in the world.

8. A narrow-minded man, one who lives for self, seeking only to amass more and more wealth, with but little regard to the means, who will not diminish in moral stature; if possible, adding to his meanness, his littleness of soul, just to the extent of his increase in gold, eventually becoming very poor, having nothing but what might fall to any fool, the son of a rich father—simply money.—[Western Plowman.]

A Whisper—Some malicious persons assert that the letters "M. D.," which are placed after physicians' names mean "Money Down."

Jobbins didn't mean it for swearing when he found, one night, that his barn-door had disappeared, and remarked that it was "a door-gone shame."

An exchange says that the famous monkey of the Jardin des Plantes has "joined the great majority of monkeys." Become a "dude," we presume.

HISTORY OF DANCING.

In Shakespeare's Time, Queen Anne's and James I.

A young man was found lying on a stoop in New York and was taken to the police station on a charge of drunkenness. Before the magistrate he said: "I was not drunk. I went to a party and became dizzy from dancing. There were ten girls to one fellow and you can imagine that my lot was not a happy one." Indeed, he went further, and declared he could not wish a worse fate for his greatest enemy than to have him go to a party where there were ten girls to one fellow.

This young man's experience suggests some facts about the history of dancing and an episode that ended more disastrously than his.

The ancients held the dance in the very highest esteem, for it was not invented by the Goddess Rhea, who preserved Jupiter from Saturn? while Homer and Hesiod sang its praises. Socrates himself, who is supposed to have realized the vanity of all things save the immortality of the soul, went to the trouble of learning dancing when an old man, and perhaps received the invitation of some antique edition of Mrs. Ponsopby de Tomkins or Mrs. Leo Hunter eager for his entrance.

But then it must be borne in mind that the classic dance was more severe in character, as the martial Pyrrhic dance, performed by Greek or Roman armed cap-tops, weapons, or wand in hand, amply testified. The ancient rustic was, however, particularly partial to a curious dance, which consisted of jumping with one foot only on a bladder inflated with air or filled with wine and rubbed on the outside with oil; and he who did this slippery exercise well received the wine-skin for his pains. The dance of the Emmeides, or Euries, in the theater at Athens is said to have produced such an effect on the spectators that they were totally unable to control their excited feelings, and the direct results often happened.

Dancing now remains among all savage nations the outward and visible sign of their emotions. Perhaps the most curious custom in the history of dancing is that which is said to have taken place at Limoges not long ago, where the inhabitants "danced the round" in the choir of the church, invoking their patron saint St. Marcel, saying, instead of the Gloria Patri, "St. Marcel, pray for us, and we shall dance in honor of you."

Witty "Beatrice," in "Much Ado About Nothing," gives a graphic review of the dances of Shakespeare's time, where, speaking to "Hero," she says: "Woeful, wedding and repenting is as a Scotch jig, a measure and a cinque pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding merrily mofest; and then comes repentance and, with his bad leg, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave."

In such high repute was dancing held in the reign of James I., that the benches of Lincoln's Inn issued an order that "under-barriers were, by declaration, put out of commons, because the whole bar offended by not dancing on Candlemas-day preceding, according to the ancient order of the society, when the judges were present, and that if the fault were repeated they should be fined or disbarred." Later on, down to Queen Anne's time, when ladies in hoop and farthingale, crested with marvelous edifices of pomatined hair and powder, contrived to dance the stately minuet and graceful gavotte, "dancing was dancing in those days," and it was also through the reigns of the Georges, when men had their legs encased in painfully tight pantaloons, having a most disagreeable effect of showing up a deficiency of a shapely calf. The present generation has at least to be thankful that the wheel of fashion has rescued the dancer from this and invented the trouser. The country dances, derived merely from a corruption of contre-danse—that is, a number of persons placed opposite each other to begin a figure—became, by this confusion of ideas, rooted in rustic favor, naturally because these dances introduced greater personal familiarity between the partners, and were more or less of a romping order. The introduction of these dances, even of the glorious Sir Roger de Coverly, into select circles was at first resented by the ton, but finally levity prevailed.

"I understand," said Charlie to Fred, "that you went 'up last night to see your girl's father and ask him to adopt you as a son-in-law. Is it so?"

"Yes, I meaner up that way about the time that twilight and daylight got mixed up so you can't tell a. m. from p. m."

"Did you see the old gentleman?"

"Of course, I did. That's what I went for."

"And did you make the proposition previously cited?"

"I did, for a fact."

"Well, how did you come out?"

"Darned if I know. The old man caught me under the eaves of my pantaloons with his foot, and as the windows and doors were both open, I don't really know just how I did come out as I saw the carpenters putting in a section of new sash this morning, I am led to believe that I came out at the window."

You see, I was in somewhat of a hurry and didn't mean to make a careful investigation as to the exact locality of my egress. Good morning. I'll see you later. There comes the old fellow this way now."—[Merchant Traveler.]

The ancient Britons wore leather cuirasses until the Anglo-Saxon era.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Entomologists of England are lamenting the gradual disappearance of the butterfly from that country.

A meteorological observatory has been erected by Pope Leo XIII at Carpineto-Romano, his native city.

Baron Nordenkjold, the eminent Swedish navigator of the Arctic seas, contemplates a voyage to south polar regions next year.

A French astronomer remarks that Sirius, the dog-star, which appears to us of a brilliant white, was described by Horace and Cicero as red.

Mr. James Manning states that the black aborigines of Australia have a general belief in a deity, all knowledge of whom is concealed from the women and children.

Mons. E. Juny has found violet light to be favorable to the development of the eggs of various animals, while an injurious, or at least retarding, influence is exerted by green and red lights.

According to Mons. P. Gibier, rabies can be communicated to birds, which, however, recover spontaneously. Mammals inoculated from the diseased birds die with the usual symptoms of rabies.

By experiments on infected hams, Messrs. Mignon and Tondard have proven that trichina may be rendered entirely harmless by an exposure for an hour to a cold of four degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

Mr. Hugh Browne has drawn attention to the fact that the Sutley, one of the great streams of British India, is probably the swiftest large river in the world, having a descent of 12,000 feet in 180 miles—an average of about 67 feet per mile.

A London medical authority dissents from the common view that dampness is a great cause of disease, of the respiratory organs especially, in the British Isles, since no special increase in the death-rate has been shown to result from a rainy season, whereas an unusually cold period produces an immediate and notable increase in the number of deaths.

A Paris physician, Dr. Gelle, has found that from 20 to 25 per cent of school children have imperfect powers of hearing, and that the poorer classes of children are especially liable to partial deafness. These observations have led to a practical result in France, where pupils are to be seated at distances from the teacher's desk corresponding with their keenness of hearing.

Last Year's Earthquakes. Prof. C. G. Rockwood's record of American earthquakes in 1883 includes 78 notices, nine of the reports being doubtful, and one appearing to refer to a meteoric phenomenon and not to be an earthquake.

Canada furnishes 7 of the reported earthquakes; New England, 2; Atlantic States, 2; Mississippi Valley, 11; Pacific Coast, 23; Mexico, 1; West Indies, 4; Central America, Colombia, Venezuela and Ecuador, 14; Peru and Chili, 10; and 2 were not counted.

Daily Wind Variations.—Recent researches indicate that on land the winds show a considerable variation in strength at different times during the day, being strongest during the greatest heat, or from one to three and a half hours after the sun passes the meridian. On the summits of many large mountains, however, like Mt. Washington, the wind is weaker in the middle of the day than in the morning and at night; while in the middle of the ocean there is scarcely any appreciable daily variation in the wind's force.

At a late meeting of the London Medical Society, sketches were exhibited representing a curious method of putting young children to sleep which is practiced by mothers in the Himalayas. The infant is swathed in a large mass of clothes and placed upon a piece of bark or matting in one of the small wooden irrigation channels which run from springs near almost every village, the child's position being such that a small stream of water falls upon the top of its back or matting without further wetting the body or the clothes. Children so placed sleep quietly for hours.

Life Under Great Pressure.—Mons. P. Regnard has communicated to the French Academy of Science the result of some experiments on the influence of extremely high pressure on living organisms. In water under a pressure of 1000 atmospheres soluble ferments were entirely unaffected; infusoria, leeches and mollusks were rendered insensible at 600 atmospheres, but recovered when the pressure was removed; fishes with swimming bladders resisted 100 atmospheres, became insensible at 200, and were killed at 300. The addition of even a single atmosphere to the ordinary pressure often causes great inconvenience to the human body, and life would become extinct under a very few atmospheres. The pressure borne by the fishes—100 atmospheres—is equivalent to 1500 pounds to the square inch.

Progress in Dog Teaching.—Sir John Lubbock's experiment in teaching a dog to express his wants by means of printed cards are giving very encouraging results. The dog, whose name is Van, now selects from an assortment of cards one bearing the word "food!" when wishing something to eat, and repeats the operation until his hunger is appeased. He shows his desire to take a walk by picking up an "out" card and carrying it to the door. A "bone" card and a "water" card are provided, and Van now appears to understand their purpose very well. When he inadvertently brings a card for something he does not want and is shown the corresponding object, he seizes the card, takes it back, and fetches the right one. Sir John is now considering how he may best test the dog's powers in simple arithmetic.

When Archer, the first jockey of England, recently went to Thirk, in Yorkshire, to ride, the town crier marched through the streets announcing that "Fred Archer—the wonder of the world—would certainly ride at the races."

Strength must be found in thought, or it will never be found in the words. Big sounding words, without thoughts corresponding, are efforts without effect.—[William Cobbett.]

The number of female physicians at present practicing in Russia amounts to 350, of whom there are no fewer than 100 in St. Petersburg itself.

MAKING A LEAD PENCIL.

Its Costs and Its Profits—A Pencil of Prehistoric Interest.

"What does it cost to make a lead pencil?" said the manufacturer. "First let me tell you how we make a pencil. See this fine black powder? That's graphite. It costs twenty-five cents a pound. This white substance is German clay. It comes across the ocean as ballast in sailing vessels, and all it costs us is freight. We mix this clay and this powder together and grind them in a mill allowing moisture to be added during the process, until the two are thoroughly assimilated and are reduced to a paste about the consistency of putty."

"This paste we press into these dies, each of which is the size of a pencil lead, except in length. There are four leads in one of these. After they are pressed we cut them into the proper length and bake them in an oven kept at a very high heat. There we have the lead made. Its hardness is regulated by the greater or less amount of clay we mix with the graphite—the more